A MEMORY OF SONG

BY LUCIUS PERRY HILLS

ILLUSTRATED BY VOCNEY A. RICHARDSON

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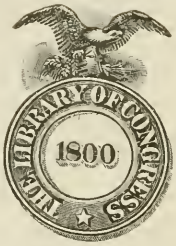

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BY

LUCIUS PERRY HILLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PAINTINGS FROM LIFE

BY

VOLNEY ALLAN RICHARDSON

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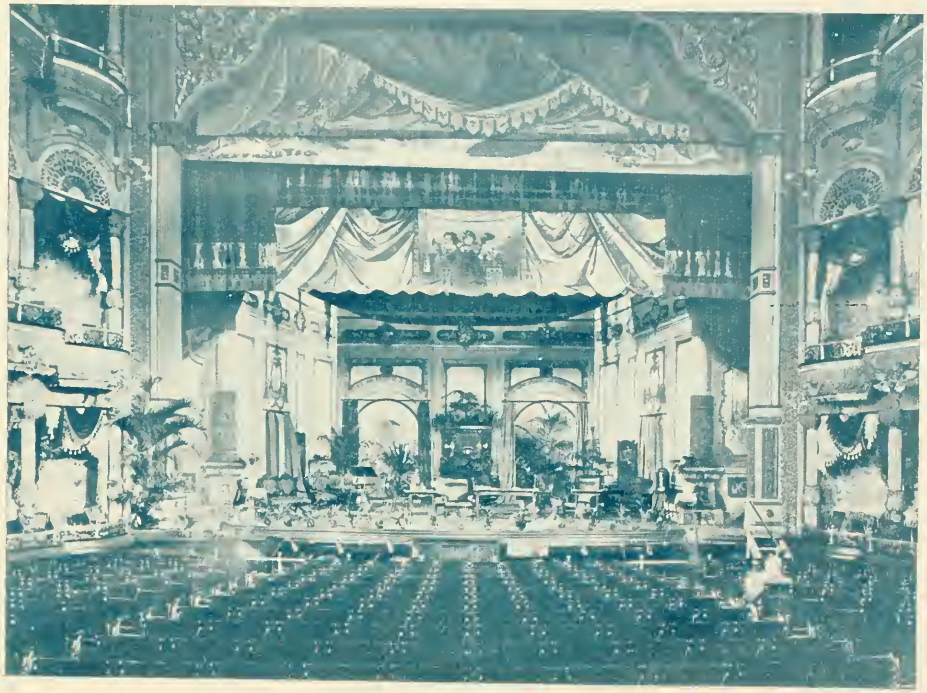


WHERE PATTI SANG; STAGE OF GRAND OPERA HOUSE, ATLANTA, GA.

Pen Drawing from an Early Portrait.

TO

ADALINA PATTI BARONESS CEDERSTROM

"THE QUEEN OF SONG"

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
AS A FEEBLE TRIBUTE FROM THE AUTHOR
TO THE INSPIRATION.

Explanatory Note.

"A Dream of Song" is a revision and elaboration of the six-verse poem "When Patti Sang," originally written on the back of a program at the Patti Concert, given in DeGive's Grand Opera House, Atlanta, Ga., January 11, 1894, and published at the time in a souvenir booklet for private distribution among the personal friends of the Singer and the Author.

The revised poem, embellished with illustrations painted from life, together with reproductions of some rare photographs, and published under a new title, is now offered to the general public in anticipation of the great Singer's return to America.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

WHERE PATTI SANG; STAGE OF GRAND OPERA HOUSE, ATLANTA, GA.

PEN DRAWING FROM AN EARLY PORTRAIT.

FROM AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ST. PETERSBURG.

CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, PATTI'S HOME IN WALES.

IN AN ARBOR AT CRAIG-Y-NOS.

FROM PAINTINGS BY V. A. RICHARDSON.

FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"SUWANEE RIVER."

"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."

"LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

A DREAM OF SONG.

Firelight Fancies.

Alone by the firelight's fitful gleam
I sit in my easy chair,
And watch in the flames the by-gone scenes
Which my fancy pictures there;

And as mid the curling smoke and flame
The pictured fancies glow,
I catch the trace of a beautiful face,
While I dream of the long ago.

From an Early Photograph taken in St. Petersburg.

I dream of friends whom I have dearly loved,
And those whose kindly words have cheered my heart,
Of those who have my better nature moved
By the weird magic of some heaven-born art:

Of those who by the power on them bestowed,
Or with the genius which to them was given,
Have often lightened my life's weary load,
And raised my fainting spirit nearer Heaven:

And as the visions of those dear ones here,
Like angel visitors around me throng,
The night wind whispers to my list'ning ear
Like faint and far-off echoings of song.

Craig-y-nos Castle, Patti's Home in Wales.

Dreams are but echoes of the heart's emotion,
Whose shifting tides forever ebb and flow,
As calms and storms upon life's troubled ocean
Bring to each soul its happiness or woe.

For whatsoever stirs the fount of feeling
Which lies deep-hidden in the human breast,
Can set the stormy waves of passion reeling,
Or soothe the troubled waters into rest.

But naught can wake so fond a recollection,
Or give the streams of thought so pure a flow,
As some grand human voice in its perfection,
Singing the dear old songs of long ago.

So, when I heard the world's great Song-Queen
singing
Those melodies we all so love to hear,
It set the bells of memory to ringing
Their sacred chimes, harmonious and clear;

Till tuneful Muses, 'wakened from their slumbers
By the sweet strains that floated on the air,
Sang to my soul in most melodious numbers,
Which left a never-dying echo there.

And now, although my rhymes may often jingle
In tuneless clamor or discordant clang,
Still with my brightest visions ever mingle
The thoughts which came to me while Patti sang.

In an Arbor at Craig-y-nos.

When Patti sang I sat entranced amid the
'raptured throng,
And listened to the music of that old, familiar
song,

Till from each isle and continent where weary
pilgrims roam,
I heard glad voices echoing the strains of
"Home, Sweet Home."

"Home, Sweet Home."

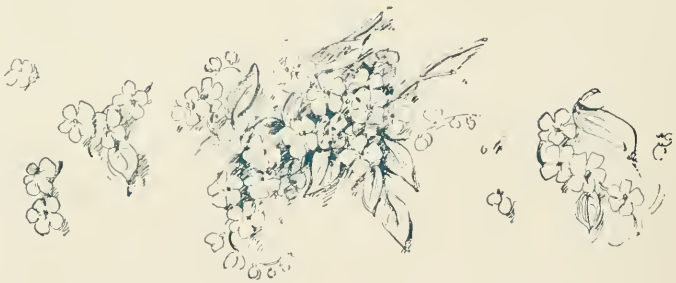
And when she sang another song, I seemed
to hear the flow
Of Suwanee's placid waters, touched with the
sunset's glow;

And the south wind softly singing to the
cypress and the pine,
Filled the grand old forest arches with a
melody divine.

"Suwanee River."

Then suddenly I thought I heard, amid the
rustling grain,
A tender voice repeat the old, old story once
again;

While the sound of lovers' kisses floated out
upon the air,
And all the world seemed brighter still for
Patti's singing there.



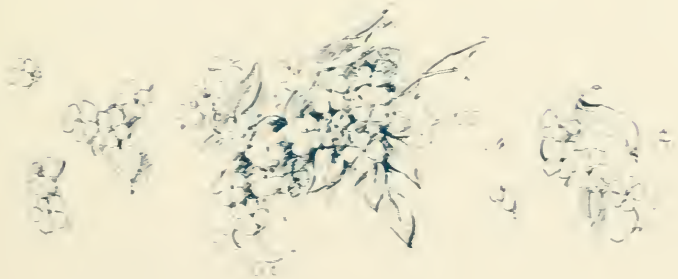
"Coming Through the Rye."

Then I saw the withered rose leaves fall quivering to the ground,
And angels must have listened to the low and plaintive sound

That came drifting, drifting to me, and fell
upon my ears
Like snow-flakes turned to music, and then
melting into tears.

"Last Rose of Summer."

And all the while sweet harmonies crept down
into my heart,
And nestled in a home from which they never
can depart ;



For as life's ever changing tides of joy and
sorrow roll,
The memory of her voice will still keep sing-
ing in my soul.

A Memory of the Past.

And when at last life's evening shadows
across my pathway fall,
And pictures of the past grow dim on mem-
ory's crumbling wall,

That one fond recollection will its brightness
still retain,
For I shall dream I hear her sing those dear
old songs again.

A Dream of Song.

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